

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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No.

11

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# Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

— COWPER



Vol. 49

Boston, April, 1917

No. 11

WE cannot all be clever: we can all be kind.

THE seed is sown in the home and in the school," says the *Western Catholic*, "but the crop, good or bad, is reaped by the nation. Parents, think of this."

IN spite of perhaps three quarters of a million horses sent abroad since the war broke out, the government reports only 33,000 less in this country January 1, 1917 than January 1, 1916.

IN parts of western Siberia, *Tit-Bits* informs us there is a horse to every inhabitant, while in some of the Russia provinces the people rear herds of horses in place of cattle, and mare's milk takes the place of cow's milk.

THE *Birmingham* (England) *Mercury* is our authority for the statement that the skins of over 300,000 seals are used annually to furnish covers for Oxford Bibles. It is in that book that man reads: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

SENATOR CHARLES F. MURPHY, of Brooklyn, has introduced into the Legislature of New York a bill providing that 30 minutes be devoted each week in every public school of that State instructing pupils in the humane treatment of animals.

THE Department of Agriculture gives the value of live-stock in this country, January 1, 1917, as \$7,349,370,000. The possibilities of suffering, represented by the animals worth these billions, in transportation, at places of slaughter, and in such service as horses and mules and oxen render, humane societies must never forget. To lessen this suffering is their supreme task.

THE officialism of a humane society or of an officer of such an organization is as fatal as the officialism of a church or a minister to progress and character, and yet each man, daily facing the problems of pain and suffering is in danger of allowing his work to become simply a business. Only as he constantly renews the springs of his own compassion and affection by meditation, and compels himself to guard against his danger, can he keep himself at his best.

IT has been estimated that 10,000,000 horses have been destroyed in this present war. The estimate is doubtless too high, but if the number even be halved the figures create in the imagination a picture of blind, patient suffering that is pitiful beyond expression.

WE must have certain buildings on our new Rest Home Farm. Are there not friends of the Society who would like to have one or more of these buildings erected in memory of a friend or favorite animal? Stables, kennels, a bungalow — we would gladly give them all individual names.

PENALTIES aggregating \$19,000 have recently been claimed by the Federal Government against the New York Central Railroad for failure to observe the law which requires that animals in transit shall not be carried more than 28 hours without being unloaded for food, water and rest.

THE celebrated Cardinal Newman, of England, was an outspoken friend of animals, and of societies for their defense. His austere life, his kindness to the poor, his unworldliness, are witnessed to by the fact that when he died this prince of the church left as the sum of his entire earthly goods only sixty-eight pounds.

ROBERT BROWNING wrote, December 28, 1874, to Frances Power Cobbe, "I would rather submit to the worst of deaths, so far as pain goes, than have a single dog or cat tortured on the pretence of sparing me a twinge or two." The letter containing these words we are told was published for the first time in January of this year.

## A GOOD STORY

THE *Catholic Advance* says, "Even that prince of monks and of saints (St. Thomas Aquinas) loved his little joke: 'Ah, Father Abbot,' said his muleteer by the lakes of Switzerland, 'why do you not admire the scenery?' 'My son, I was saying my prayers.' 'But I can admire the lakes and the hills and say my prayers too.' 'Come,' was the response, 'I will make you an offer. If you can say one Pater Noster without distraction you shall have my mule.' Down went the man upon his knees: 'Pater noster qui es in coelis, sanctificetur — and the saddle too, Father Abbot?' 'No, my son, nothing!'"

## IS IT TO BE WAR?

WHAT may have happened by the time this number of our magazine reaches our readers to involve us in war or to save us from it, no man knows. That the hour is fraught with the most momentous issues, no man doubts. We seem to be standing, as a nation, on the edge of a precipice. Are we to be crowded over the brink and plunged downward into the night of the great world-war, where a score of nations welter in blood and anguish, or may it be we shall be preserved from the fatal slipping of our feet and led back from the beetling cliff where at the moment we pause with horror in our hearts?

The air is full of voices. There are a few who clamor for the pit, who urge the nation to a decision the consequences of which may involve it in a course no power in earth or heaven can reverse. There are other voices, by far the greater number, which plead for sanity, and patience, and full consideration of all the facts, before the final resolve is made. These latter are not cowards. Their patriotism and courage will be found the saving forces of the nation should the dreadful doom of war fall upon us.

But these are the people who so hate war and the evils that crowd its train, that they cannot think of the possibility of it save as the last resort, and after every righteous means of averting it has been exhausted.

To us it seems as if the President were determined that, if at last war must come, it shall be only when there is nothing left for us but to draw the sword in self-defense. Into such a war the whole nation, with but here and there an exception, we believe, would enter under the sense of a solemn but compelling duty.

Few men have ever shrunk from war with a more appalling dread than our great Lincoln. But of the two evils which confronted him and between which he had to choose, he chose it as the lesser — chose it because in the name of humanity and freedom he could not do otherwise.

Yet even war may be kept by heroic and noble souls from becoming their pitiless and degrading tyrant. The passions of hate and revenge it so inevitably tends to arouse, may be held in check, and will be by those whose patriotism is of that higher type which recognizes a kinship wider than any single nation's bounds.

If as a nation there is nothing for us to do but take up arms, then let it be with malice toward none, with charity for all, with every



vestige of hate and revenge banished from our hearts, with selfish aims and ambitions slain before we stain our hands with the first drop of a brother's blood. Only thus dare we unsheathe the sword and go forth to war. Only thus can war become to us anything else than a crime dragging us down into the depths of ineffable shame.

There is no man against whom we can fight who is not our human brother, who is not worthy of our love even though in freedom's name we try to strike him down before his weapon reaches us. There is no room in this world for hate. Treachery, deceit, murder, cruelty — yes — against these our wrath may burn, but to hate our neighbor, whether he live at our side or across the sea, is to be guilty of something worse than war.

#### SWORD OR PEN

BY LOU E. COLE, COWBOY POET

*THE man who fights and the man who writes,  
Have always been the men  
To mix in the fray, or clear the way  
With sword or magic pen.*

*But the world has turned from a lesson learned,  
As it climbed the hills of light;  
Men the world called great, in their greed and hate,  
Have returned to the gulfs of night.*

*The soldier sings as his bright blade swings —  
"Make way for an arm of might!"  
While the screaming shell makes a crimson hell  
As it streaks through the pall of night.*

*Grim cannons coughed swirling clouds aloft;  
Death rides on the iron storms;  
Green fields are strewn by the red typhoon  
With a welter of stuff — once forms.*

*Oh, men who fight, is it good, is it right,  
In a world of this day and age,  
To glut this lust and pronounce it Just;  
For what? but a trifling wage.*

*Isn't it better now, that you take to the plow  
And implements of Peace?  
Lend aid to the men who are wielding the pen  
To the end that war may cease?*

*Has not your pride, for which millions died,  
Been quenched by this river red?  
You are sowing to reap; life, as seed too cheap;  
You shall harvest crimson bread!*

*The crime and the shame done in one God's name  
Should bring even granite to tears;  
Cause Nature to frown, till the earth sear and brown,  
Brought forth no reward but fears!*

*Can the world afford this reign of the sword?  
Toss aside the peaceful pen?*

*May the Nations release the white dove of Peace;  
In unison say, Amen.*

#### TO THE PRESS

THE thousands of newspaper editors all over the United States who receive this copy of *Our Dumb Animals*, are earnestly urged to call attention now to the coming "Be Kind to Animals" Week, April 16-21, 1917, and the following "Humane Sunday," April 22. If you will publish special "copy," suitable for these occasions, write to *Our Dumb Animals*, and it will be furnished free.

KINDNESS," says Father Faber, "is infectious." Let us pass it along.

— *Sacred Heart Review*

## The Price of a Mink Skin

By HARRY L. PIPER

WINTER reigns in the big woods. No sound of bird or beast, not even the dry creaking of a branch in the wind, breaks the still air. Unbroken snow on every side; snow over the rough rocks, over the ferns, bowing down the hemlock branches. Snow and silence everywhere.

Only the little brook shows life in that vast stillness. Winding in and out among the snow-laden hemlocks, it shows like a dark ribbon against the whiteness. Its murmur is hushed and uncertain, for it is throttled here and there by the ice. But the brook is not dead, not even asleep.

Are the woods really deserted? Not quite. At the second big bend a clean-cut track shows where a mink came to the brook in his wanderings. From some watercourse to the westward he came to the brook to fish. He needs no hook and line, for, quick as the little trout are, the mink is quicker and more master of himself under water. When he plunges in they must hide quickly in some hole or he will surely catch them. Not all the story of the fishing is told in the tracks, but it can be pieced together in part. Sometimes in the brook, sometimes loping along its bank, the mink followed downstream. At the head of the large pools he plunged boldly in under the ice, not to emerge again until he reached open water at the lower end of the pool. What consternation must have reigned in the trout family at his sudden appearance! What a sudden darting to and fro until every little fish was safely hidden! Success came to him at the third pool, for the tracks show where he climbed out on the bank and ate his catch.

Amid the abundant life of summer the wanderings of a mink might be of minor interest. But here, in the dead of winter with all other wood life dormant, it is a revelation to find him going about his business as usual, self-sufficient, able to take care of himself while all other living creatures have retired from active life. What matters it to him if the winds shriek through the treetops and the cold grows intense? What matters it to him if the birds have deserted the woods and the less hardy animals have gone into their holes? He is the mink, master of himself, scornful of the weather and able to elude his enemies under all conditions.

Not quite all. For long ago women decreed that mink fur was for their own use. Since then the trapping war has gone on relentlessly until fewer and fewer mink travel the water-courses. Not again will this vigorous, care-free wanderer plunge into a pool and come up glistening with sparkling drops. For at the big bend, a half mile below the place where he first reached the brook, the story of the mink's wanderings turns into a tale of bloody sacrifice. Swiftly the mink loped along beside the shallow water above the bend. No trout there at this season. Then the tracks show where he came to a sudden stop. Imagination pictures the bright, beady eyes, peering ahead, the sensitive nose sniffing at a new odor. Cautiously he moved forward step by step until he was within a few feet of a fish head hung over the water. Long he stood there, looking and sniffing intently; then, as all suspicion gradually faded, he plunged boldly into the brook and reached up his long neck to seize the tempting bait.

He never touched it, for at the moment when he was about to tear it loose his forefoot pressed the pan of the steel trap in the water and the shock of the closing jaws threw him off his feet down into the rippling black water. Of the blind struggle which followed there is no trace left, but the water is the mink's refuge from all dangers and surely he sought it in this greatest trouble he ever had known. But with the trap and chain to restrain him, the water was no longer the old protection, and at last failing breath drove him to the surface. Slowly and with infinite pains he dragged the trap to the top of a rock as far as the chain would permit. Probably the trapper thought that he had set the trap so the mink would drown in his struggle. But the rock was within reach and on its slippery face a savage scene was enacted, a scene which makes one shudder to contemplate. With all hope of pulling out of the trap gone and his strength well spent by his struggle, the mink played the last card for his life.

Pain from without is one thing. Pain deliberately inflicted by self is another. Who has the imagination to picture how the mink took the first bite from his own leg, already in torture from the crushing jaws of the trap, how he tore through the sensitive skin, through quivering muscles to where the trap had broken



THE WAIL OF A FOX CAUGHT IN A STEEL TRAP

the bones, then through the opposite side of the leg until only the maimed, bloodstained foot was left in the steel jaws.

He was free. Yes, free to crawl away and die. It is a desperate trail from the rock back through the woods toward the ledges. Back to some well remembered shelter he headed, back perhaps to the den in the rocks where he was born. Slowly and painfully the story of the last journey wrote itself in the snow. Prints of three feet instead of four, blood trickling down at every step and gathering in blotches where he paused to rest. More and more the bloody stump dragged in the snow, more and more often did the mink stop. What a weary, sickening trail compared to the clean-cut tracks of the upper brook!

The trail ends at a hole in the rocks. Was it exhaustion that made the mink pause long before he dragged himself inside? Or did he stop to take a last look at the great wonderful world which had been his home before he crept down into the darkness? He will never come out. Down in the rocks, days, perhaps weeks, of suffering await him. Pain from his mangled leg and starvation will wear down his indomitable spirit, and as he gets weaker and weaker his life will ebb out.

All this is part of the price of a mink skin. Is it not a terrible price?

#### A "BLACK BEAUTY" FROM THE TEXAS PLAINS

BY PAUL H. DOWLING

AN interesting story is related of Shorty Hamilton, cowboy-soldier-actor, and his wonderfully trained horse, which he raised on the Texas plains. Shorty Hamilton at one time was a cowboy on a Texas ranch. Spending most of his time on the range, far from civilization, his closest companion was his horse Beauty, an animal which he had raised and trained to an unusually high degree. The horse was exceptionally intelligent and soon learned to do almost everything but talk. Naturally the cowboy owner loved him almost as he would a brother.

Some time later Hamilton's interests took him to the Philippines, and he was forced to leave the horse behind, in the care of the men at the ranch. When in the Philippines, trouble was going on between the United States soldiers and the native forces under Aguinaldo. A call was issued for volunteer Americans, good riders especially. This was the cowboy's opportunity to get into action, and he enlisted, soon winning a promotion.

But the horse which was given him to ride did not come up to the standard of his well-known Beauty. Hamilton wanted and needed his own horse so badly that he sent word to have the animal shipped from Texas. Shorty paid out all the money which was due him from the government, and borrowed more in order to get his pet and companion to the Philippine Islands.

When the animal arrived on the docks from the steamer, Hamilton was waiting for her. Beauty saw her master even before she was swung from the ship to the dock, and neighed in anticipation.

Shorty at once rejoined his troop with Beauty, and a few days later got into action against the natives. While on scout duty, a picket of the native troops "sniped" Shorty from ambush and he fell from his horse, painfully though not fatally wounded. He was unable to remount, so, tearing a leaf from a small notebook, he addressed a note to his officer, thrust the paper under the pommel of the saddle, and started Beauty off on the back track to the camp.



PEACEFUL DAYS IN SCOTLAND

The horse arrived in safety, and in a short time a small band of United States soldiers had found Hamilton and brought him back to camp.

The ex-cowboy-soldier, still accompanied by Beauty wherever he goes, declares that all the gold in the States would not now tempt him to part with his horse again, even for a temporary absence.

#### HUMANE SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1917

A "HUMANE SUNDAY" has been observed in England since 1865, and in 1916 it is reported that 6400 special sermons were preached. The first attempt at a national Humane Sunday for this country was made in 1915, when many ministers, representing practically every section of the country, responded to an appeal to observe the day. Last year, it is estimated, 1700 ministers in the United States recognized Humane Sunday in some way. This year the date is set for Sunday, April 22, when it is hoped that special sermons on kindness to the weak and defenseless will be preached generally throughout all denominations. Suggestive literature for appropriate sermons, talks, and vesper services will be mailed free upon application to the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, or to the American Humane Association, 287 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

#### THE HORSE'S LAST PLEA

*I'm only a cavalry charger,  
And I'm dying as fast as I can  
(For my body is riddled with bullets —  
They've potted both me and my man);  
And though I've no words to express it,  
I'm trying this message to tell  
To kind folks who work for the Red Cross —  
Oh, please help the horses as well!*

*My master was one in a thousand,  
And I loved him with all this poor heart  
(For horses are built just like humans,  
Be kind to them — they'll do their part);  
So please send out help for our wounded,  
And give us a word in your prayers;  
This isn't so strange as you'd fancy —  
The Russians do it in theirs.*

*I'm only a cavalry charger,  
And my eyes are becoming quite dim  
(I really don't mind though I'm "done for,"  
So long as I'm going to him);  
But first I would plead for my comrades,  
Who're dying and suffering too —  
Oh, please help the poor wounded horses!  
I'm sure that you would — if you knew.*

SCOTS GREYS

Blessed are the merciful

## How to Feed and Groom Your Dog

By L. E. EUBANKS

A FELLOW who is unwilling to care for a dog should not have one. No difference what breed a dog is, if he's a "good sport" and a boon companion, you should never neglect or abuse him. He is dependent on you, and if you appreciate his love and faithfulness, show it by keeping him healthy and happy.

About the greatest problem in feeding a dog comes when he is weaned. The period between the giving up of the mother's milk and the time when rough solid food can be handled is the time when many valuable dogs are lost. The great mistake is in giving hard food too soon. Semi-liquid diet should be used from the time of weaning till the puppy is six or eight weeks old. Use pure milk and stale bread, making the mixture very thin at first and thickening it from week to week. When two months old the pup can be given a variety of semi-liquid foods. There are numerous manufactured preparations for puppies, but care has to be used in selection, as some of them are too rich and cause eczema. Even up to the age of six months it is well not to tax his teeth and digestion with the hardest foods.

For mature dogs, in health, about the most satisfactory food consists of miscellaneous scraps from the dining-table. Variety is essential to the animal's health, and by this plan he gets a little of everything. One of the best dishes for dogs is a stew of meat and vegetables. The chief purpose of vegetables in a dog's diet is to keep the blood pure. They are less nutritious than meat and cereals, but help greatly to keep the system well balanced. Don't allow too much potato, especially if your pet seems inclined to get too fat. Include some rice or oatmeal. Sometimes the latter is found too heating for summer use, and is less digestible than wheat meal. Never give your dog sweets, and if you use salt as a seasoning be extremely sparing with it.

Raw meat is condemned by some dog owners and highly recommended by others. Dogs that get a great deal of exercise, like hunters, do well with some raw beef, but most of the meat allowed should be well boiled. The best way to feed raw meat is to give the dog a big bone. Working with it keeps his teeth in good condition, and the small bone particles scraped off are of value in his system. Liver can be given occasionally, but it is not very nutritious. Many times it will avert a threatened spell of constipation; but the danger of making the bowels too loose must be remembered. Liver is more agreeable in the winter.

Fish makes a pleasant change, but do not give it often. A rather liberal allowance is required, as the dog is under-nourished on it.

Regarding the proper amount to feed, experience is the only guide. Most affectionate owners are inclined to overfeed. Do not feed at irregular times; save the scraps till the regular time. As to number of meals, I suggest four for young puppies; three between the ages of three and six months; two thereafter, with the heavier one at night—except in case of watch-dogs, whose supper should be a light meal. Some owners feed only once a day, but this is apt to cause a dog to gorge his stomach. Some dogs fatten very easily, and you must guard against the accumulation of too much flesh. It spoils your pet's appearance and makes him ill. On the other hand, in cases where the animal is run down from sickness or is chronically too thin, it is well to feed liberally.

A fine tonic, in the latter case, is cod liver oil, mixed with the food. Raw eggs, too, are splendid. For loss of appetite in the dog, there is nothing equal to a "work-out" of five or six miles on the road.

You cannot be too careful about this entire matter of feeding. Many valuable dogs are lost through carelessness and ignorance. Croxton Smith, the English dog expert, lost a valuable bloodhound by giving him soup that was just a trifle too "sour" for table use. The dog died in twelve hours, from ptomaine poisoning. The fact that a dog is careless about his eating when thrown on his own resources means nothing in the matter. It is the purpose of education to improve the crude places in nature when possible. Keep all the dog's dishes and cooking utensils clean, and always have a pan of cool fresh drinking water where he can find it.

In grooming a dog, regularity is essential, just as it is with a horse. Brush him every day, and go at the work thoroughly. If your pet has long hair, like a collie, you must use a comb on him, one with teeth long enough to reach the skin. Comb out all dirt and foreign matter, then use a stiff brush. On every part of the body brush the hair in the direction nature has given it. For short-haired dogs like a fox-terrier, nothing is better than a hair glove. Finish the job with a brisk bare-hand rub-down. This gives a beautiful polish to his coat.

One of the best treatments for a dog's coat is to rub in wood ashes, then comb them out well. Flour is nearly as good, ordinary cooking flour; but it must be thoroughly dried in an oven before it is used.

The treatment just outlined will make the bath seldom necessary. About once in two weeks you might employ the tepid bath. Never use hot water; it disagrees with dogs, decidedly; they frequently faint under its effects. Do not put carbolic acid in the bath; it may poison your pet by absorption through the skin. Avoid carbolic soaps; they are dangerous, and make the skin too dry. Use toilet soap, and never forget that dogs are very susceptible to skin diseases. Benzine is a simple remedy for fleas or lice; but daily attention and a clean kennel will prevent much trouble from these parasites. Be very particular to dry the dog well after his bath, and if he seems cold, blanket him for a while. Ordinarily, a brisk run or some practice of tricks will restore the bodily warmth.

### A VISION OF THE FUTURE

CRUELTY will become unpopular, and men guilty of it will feel that they are attracting public attention; they will become more cautious how they overdrive and overwork their horses, particularly those that are old, sick, and lame, and the terrible suffering inflicted by *overloading* (that standing disgrace to this country) will become less common; farmers will be ashamed to have their cattle come out in the spring mere skeletons; beating, starving, and freezing, and a thousand other cruelties will become more rare; old, stray, and abandoned animals will be taken better care of, or mercifully killed; birds and their nests will be protected; and not only will the laws in relation to animals be enforced, but public sentiment will place in almost every home advocates to plead their cause, and to make known the cruelties which are inflicted upon them.

GEO. T. ANGELL



BRUCE

Collie owned by J. E. BUSSEY, Chicago

### THE DOG AND THE AUTO

A STORY illustrating canine affection, intelligence, and sympathy comes to us from Marine, Illinois, told by Editor L. C. Heim of *The Telegram* of that place.

William Conrad owns, or did own, two dogs, one a shepherd and the other a terrier. They were bosom friends and many bones they had shared together from infancy. Their dislike for the big automobile was also mutual, and they never failed when opportunity presented to join in chasing these intruders on what they probably considered an encroachment on their peace and pursuit of happiness.

One day one of those big red cars came chugging up the road. The two dogs heard it coming and gave chase as they had often done before. The terrier, however, miscalculated his distance and got caught under the wheels of the enemy and his life was sacrificed. The shepherd did not notice the accident until he came back from the chase and then, seeing another machine approaching, he tenderly took his companion by the neck and dragged him out of the road to a place of safety, risking his own life as the second car passed by. Man's best friend is his dog, and the affection of dogs for their masters is frequently shown, but it is not often that their sympathy and intelligence for one of their own kind is so prominently demonstrated.

WHEN taking your dog on a leash, it is much safer to have a harness than a collar. With a harness there is no strain on the dog's throat, as may be the case with a collar.

Docking or cutting off the tails of horses is a cruelty that lasts through life. They can never, after this cruel operation, brush off the flies and mosquitos that make their life every summer a torment.



## "THE HUNT"

BY KATHERINE ADAMS

*THE wind was still and the sky was gray,  
The air was filled with the morning sweet,  
And the hunting coats were scarlet and gay,  
Laughter was there, and friends to greet.  
The pack aquiver, the horn's last call,  
A wood creature's heart beating fast with dread,  
What is the end and aim of it all, —  
Only a small gray rabbit dead.  
Worn and torn she was lying there —  
And they said that day that the hunt was "fair."*

## WHY "BE KIND TO ANIMALS"

1st. Public health requires kind treatment to give us wholesome meats and milk and milk products that are not poisonous.

2d. Agriculture requires the protection of our insect-eating birds and their nests.

3d. Gratitude requires it for the services they render us, and the happiness they bring into our lives.

4th. Duty to God who created and gave them requires it.

5th. Because it adds to the happiness of every human being through life to love and be kind to the lower animals.

6th. Because it has been proved in numerous schools of various nations that those taught to be doing kind acts daily to the lower races — feeding the birds, patting the horses, talking kindly to all sensitive creatures, etc. — become in all the relations of life, better men and women.

GEO. T. ANGELL

## LIVES SAVED BY TRAINED DOGS

**T**HE *Toegliche Rundschau* of Berlin publishes statistics which show that since the beginning of the present war the trained dogs attached to the ambulance corps of the German army have saved the lives of more than 8000 wounded officers and soldiers.

All of these wounded would have perished, because they were in ditches, swamps, underbrush and other places where they would never have been found. About 2000 of the men saved by the dogs were French, English, and Russian soldiers.

## The Legal Light of Lookout Mountain

By CHARLES A. DAVID

**I**F animals followed their natural bent, and adopted the professions for which nature seems to have fitted them, this particular old fox would undoubtedly have been a successful lawyer, and by this time would have had an eye on the supreme court bench itself. Everything about him suggested the clean-cut, calculating man of the law.

He never did anything in a hurry; never a move did he make without first weighing every possible contingency; if he was ever surprised, he did not allow himself to show it; every act was the result of thoughtful consideration; the pros and cons were always gone over before a decision was reached. In short, every motive that actuated him was typical of the man of quiet dignity and cool self-possession who sits in front of a dusty desk, in a still dustier room, and charges you ten dollars for revealing his thoughts. This fox, before starting out on one of his nightly hunts, if such carefully planned affairs could be called hunts, would wrinkle his brows and draw up his eyes until they were but two yellow slits before he could decide whether it would be best to leave his den by the trail that led over the hill and down to the farmhouse on the river road, or take the other one that wandered past the sheep pasture, through a rail fence, and then around the edge of a swamp to a pond, where frogs were to be had for the catching. His home, or rather his bad weather home, was far up on the side of one of the foot-hills, where nature had piled up a thousand tons or so of granite boulders in a great unsightly heap, and then walked off and left them to cumber the landscape for all time to come. Down among these was a kind of a cave, sheltered and dry, just such a place that a fox would fancy on cold, stormy nights and sleety days. When the weather was fine, he much preferred the flat top of one of these big rocks for his noonday nap.

The rock held the warmth of the sun, and was as grateful to his body as a hot water bottle would have been; and then, too, it was

a kind of a watch-tower, from which he could view a wide expanse of country, and incidentally any unusual or suspicious happenings. Often as he lay there he had watched his ancient enemy, man, pass by with gun on shoulder, peering here and there for some sign of life among the little wood folks.

Flattened out on the rock, his eyes would follow the man with an amused twinkle, as he thought how amazed he would be if he knew that right then he was being more closely scrutinized than he had ever been since he lay, a very weak infant, by his mother's side. After the man had passed out of sight, the fox would leave his lookout and drift away in the direction the lumbering biped had taken. Passing him far to the right, the fox trots leisurely, by a secret path of his, around the hill, and comes out on a projecting boulder, once more flattens out, and waits.

When the object of his attentions again blunders into view, he is as carefully watched as before, until he finally disappears down the country road that leads to the nearest settlement.

If you should ever happen to catch a glimpse of this old fox some day, when a pack of hounds are doing their level best to unravel the "mystic maze" he has woven for their benefit, you will see no disheveled, panic-stricken animal come tearing through the bushes, but a placid, self-contained gentleman, as unhurried as if out for his morning constitutional. He is not the least bit nervous, but trots along as deliberately as if there were not such a thing as a dog in existence.

His is not the look of a hunted animal, but rather of one wrapped in his own thoughts, nor would you suppose them to be unpleasant thoughts either. Stopping occasionally to listen, he runs lightly up the trunk of a low leaning tree, out to the end of one of the longest limbs, and leaps easily to a dry rock that holds his scent but a short time.

From this rock he made a record-breaking jump to the right, landing squarely on the limb of a low growing pine; slipping through this to the ground, he wafted himself down to the pasture, where he carelessly mingled his tracks with those of the feeding cows. From there he makes his dignified way up the hill to a warm rock that he knows of, where he refreshes himself with a nap, while the dogs are puzzling themselves over a lot of tracks that lead nowhere at all. After his nap, he shows but a languid interest in the clamor of the dogs, and busies himself in thinking up more riddles that he has not yet sprung on those big-mouthed idiots who think they know all about a bachelor fox and his ways. Rested and refreshed, he waits until the uproar dies away in the direction of the pasture where he herded with the cattle; he trots around the hill three or four times, minding to criss-cross his trail as often as possible; then he springs to the top rail of the fence that straggles around the woods and does a neat bit of balancing for a hundred yards or so; then he jumps an amazing distance to one side, landing so lightly as hardly to seem that he touched the ground at all. He now feels at liberty to indulge in another rest, and maybe a nap, as he has laid out a puzzle in disappearing tracks that will keep the dogs busy for at least an hour.

Meanwhile, he will watch them as they miss the clues, and assure himself whether or not old



CHAUFFEUR FIREFLY: "DEAR ME, THESE NEW TRAFFIC LAWS — I MUST NOT FORGET TO DIM MY LIGHTS!"

Bugler, the best fox dog in half a dozen States, is really in the pack. If he is, his foxship will have to get out the best tricks he has up his sleeve if he wishes to continue sole owner of that beautiful tail of his. As he is drifting slowly through the undergrowth, he jumps, all at once, to one side, with both paws on a dead leaf that seemed to move the least bit, and from between his toes draws forth a squeaking field-mouse. Disposing of this tid-bit, much as one would a lone chestnut found in the lining of his coat pocket, he continued on his silent way. The unexpected mouthful reminded him that it had been some time since he had eaten, and he licked his chops as he remembered a marshy spot in the woods, where he had, more than once, enjoyed a mess of frogs. So off he floats in that direction, ever careful to step where the path was dry and rocky, and avoiding those places which were damp and had a tendency to catch and hold his tell-tale scent. Thrusting his nose through the bushes, he stops and casts a scrutinizing glance over the pond, and soon discovers a big green frog sunning himself on a lily leaf near the opposite bank. Taking a wide circuit through the underbrush, he comes out in the rear of the bloated orchestra leader and proceeds to stalk him as carefully as he would a turkey-gobbler. By keeping a bush or a bunch of grass between himself and his quarry, he was soon in reaching distance. By an almost imperceptible motion, he dips a fore paw into the water and under the leaf, and by a quick jerk throws the astonished frog far out on the bank. Before the frog had time to get his bearings and set his legs in motion, the fox was right there, holding him down with a paw that never slips.

Licking his jaws, with the air of one who knows a good thing when he tastes it, he decides that musicians are fairly good eating, if you can get them fresh and cool. Just then he remembers that a little while ago he was coaching a lot of dogs, so probably he had better climb some near-by hill and see how they were getting on learning the lessons he had laid out for them.

#### SOME FAMOUS DOGS

BY MARY HALL LEONARD

WHEN Washington Irving visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford he found him surrounded by his dogs, which formed an important part of the household. There was a tall old stag-hound named Maida that was the staid and confidential friend of his master; there was a frisky black greyhound named Hamlet that barked and cut capers with the wildest glee; and a beautiful setter named Finette, with large mild eyes, soft silken hair, and long curly ears — the favorite of the parlor. Scott would often talk to his four-footed friends as if they were rational companions, and from being treated in this way they really seemed to acquire more sagacity than most dogs.

Sometimes the younger dogs would try to entice old Maida into a frolic by jumping upon his neck and snapping at his ears. Maida would bear this in silent dignity for a while and then suddenly, as if his patience were exhausted, he would catch one of his tormentors by the neck and tumble him in the dirt, giving afterwards an apologetic look at his master. "Ah," said Scott, "I have no doubt that when Maida is alone with these young dogs he throws dignity aside and plays the boy as much as any of them, but he is ashamed to do it in our company."

One day when they were all out for a ramble the younger dogs noticed something which set them into a furious barking. Old Maida for



CARING FOR WOUNDED HORSES IN FRANCE

some time walked silently by his master, pretending not to notice the clamors of the other dogs. But at last, giving a plunge forward, he uttered a deep bow-wow, that drowned all the other noises. Then he wagged his tail and looked into his master's face for approval. "Ay, ay, old boy," said Scott, "you have done wonders." Then he added, "Maida is like the big gun at Constantinople. It takes so long to get it ready that the small ones can fire off a dozen times; but when it goes off it carries all before it."

When Scott's dogs died they were buried with funeral honors, and had monuments erected over them which form some of the prettiest ornaments at Abbotsford. In front of the house near the door is the tomb of old Maida, over which is sculptured the image of a beautiful hound.

Lord Byron, who was the great rival poet in the era when Scott wrote his immortal works, had also a dog which he loved very tenderly. It was a Newfoundland dog, called Boatswain, and the elegant monument which Byron erected to his memory now forms one of the principal ornaments of the garden of Newstead Abbey.

#### WAR-WASTED POLAND

THE following pen picture of Poland by an eyewitness who spent some time in that unhappy country during the year 1916 calls forth not only the sympathy of every lover of humanity but presents an elaborate reason why no nation should ever permit itself to become embroiled in war:—

"Eleven million out of twenty million remain alive in Poland, helpless women, sad-eyed older girls and boys, peasant workmen, bowed with age, homeless, driven into the open, wandering dazed through the woods, creeping into hollows for rest under the stars, hungry, sick, weary, worn, racked with the struggle, subsisting on the bark of trees, on roots torn from the earth, and on the slight help the palsied hand of charity of others of their own people can give them, and the comparatively slight help from other nations. This is Poland today!"

#### WAR OR PEACE

ARTHUR MACDONALD, Washington, D. C., Honorary President of Third International Congress of Criminal Anthropology of Europe, writes as follows:

Let us admit that for a country not to be equipped reasonably or adequately for war, may cause it not to receive proper attention and respect from other countries. Let us admit this to be a great evil. Now let us set over against this evil the injustice that war brings to innocent people, non-combatants, the outrages they suffer, the destruction of their homes, the shooting of them in cold blood, and their awful suffering from fear and terrorism sometimes visited upon them through military necessity. Let us picture, if possible, the almost infinite injustice and suffering that, for instance, the Russian peasants have experienced, when with only short notice, hundreds of thousands have been ordered by their own generals to quit their homes, where to go they know not, many without conveyances to carry anything; nevertheless they must take what they can carry afoot—old and young, bedridden, sick, and crippled—must depart in the cold, many scantily clad, the poorest, who are in the majority, suffering the worst. Many, of course, die on the way, enduring untold agony from exposure, exhaustion and starvation. Think of how these poor, innocent, peaceful peasants, who only want to be let alone, whose sons and fathers were torn from them to go to the front, are, after making such sacrifices for their own country, now forced by this very country into ruin, starvation and death; and this all on account of military necessity of their own fatherland. Think of this infinite suffering and injustice to hundreds of thousands and compare it with the admitted evil of humiliation, and then pray tell us which is the lesser evil. The long-lasting and paramount effects of war horrors and devastation are infinitely a greater evil than the short and comparatively temporary effect of neglect of dignity and honor, which consists mainly of pride, egotism, and selfishness. True patriotism consists in such thoughts, volitions and acts as are for our permanent welfare



## MOPSA'S FIRST MOUSE

BY LOUELLA C. POOLE

O SUCH excitement at our house  
The day our Mopsa caught a mouse.  
For it was her first mouse, you see,  
And she was proud as proud could be,  
And for that matter so were we,—  
To think a little seven-months kit  
Should catch a mouse, just think of it!

Then Uncle Jules poured her of cream  
An extra dish, that it might seem  
A just reward for labors done.  
Said Uncle Art: "Our puss is one  
That beats the cat of Whittington!"  
"I always knew that she would do  
Some splendid thing!" said fond Aunt Lou.  
"There never was a braver cat  
Than Mopsa here, I'm sure of that—  
To do all that at seven months old,  
She's really worth her weight in gold!"

But Mopsa, though she was so proud,  
Said not a word, but purred quite loud,  
Which purr, interpreted, might be:  
"Kind friends, you are so good to me—  
Have given me home and bounteous food,  
I owe you boundless gratitude;  
Henceforth there never shall intrude  
Its hateful presence in this house  
A thievish rat or nibbling mouse.  
But why was it, the other day,  
You boxed my ears, drove me away,  
And called me 'horrid little cat'  
Because I caught a nice, sleek, fat  
Ground sparrow, kindly tell me that?  
I saw a man with smoking gun  
Kill many sparrows, 'just for fun,'  
I heard him say, the wicked thing,  
And no one had a word of blame.  
Please tell me why, in pity's name,  
He is allowed to do all that,  
While I, a little hungry cat,  
Should meet such punishment because  
I was obeying Nature's laws;  
A mouse tastes very good to me—  
Likewise a bird, as you can see!"

Could Uncle Jules and Uncle Art  
And proud Aunt Lou so fond of heart  
Have understood our Mopsa's purr,  
How puzzled to have answered her  
They would have been, I rather guess,  
For 'twas a poser, I confess.

## JOSEPH, THE CAT OF MANY COLORS

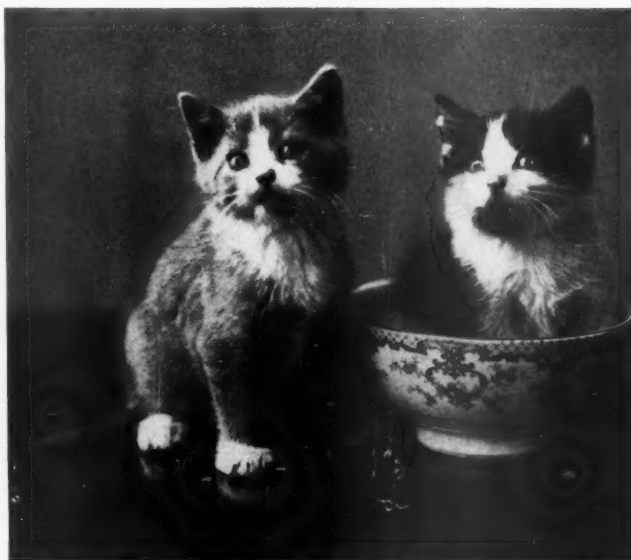
BY LOIS M. CLENCY

ONE night, while the ranchman's family  
were at supper in the kitchen and the  
door stood open, a big tortoise shell cat walked  
in. Under the stove lay the family cat, a big  
lazy Tom. Without a minute's pause the  
newcomer went straight to the stove, attacked  
the cat and sent him flying out of doors. Then  
she went back, curled up in the place of the  
dispossessed Tommy and went to sleep.

Everyone was so amused by the proceeding  
that it was decided to let her stay if she chose.  
And stay she did. She simply adopted the  
family, taking things as she found them, making  
friends with the children, and killing the rats,  
mice, and other "varmints" that had thrived  
during the reign of her predecessor.

The children named her Joseph, for her coat  
of many colors, and thought much of her.  
The baby, however, was her especial charge.  
She guarded him as a dog might have done,  
whenever he went out of doors.

One noon, before the cat had been with them  
many weeks, the rancher was astonished to  
see her in the yard near the baby and walking



AN INNOCENT POSE

round and round in a circle, keeping her eyes  
always on its center. His wife told him that  
the cat had been doing this for an hour but  
that she had been too busy with the dinner to  
investigate, so he went out to see for himself.  
There, in the center of the circle he found a  
big diamond-back rattler. The snake was not  
rattling but was coiled, with its head up and  
watching every move of the cat.

Needless to say, the rattlesnake was quickly  
killed. And the cat? No one ever knew  
where she came from, but from that time on  
she was the most highly prized animal on the  
ranch.

## A CAT OF THE TRENCHES

BY MARSHALL SAUNDERS

HERE is an anecdote I heard while listening  
some time ago to stories from the front  
told by an Englishman to my brother. I asked  
permission to tell it just as the Englishman's  
brother wrote it from Belgium.

Imagine an English encampment of soldiers  
somewhere in Belgium—in front artillery  
lookouts, behind them infantry trenches, in  
the background artillery officers' dugouts.

The lookout men saw a cat emerge from the  
German trenches in front of them, make her  
way calmly to their trenches, pass through, and  
proceed to the rear, where she carefully inspected  
the officers' billets. Then she retraced her  
steps to the German lines and the Englishmen  
supposed that they had seen the last of her.  
To their amazement, she reappeared with a  
kitten in her mouth, passed by them to the  
zone of comparative safety in the rear, dropped  
her kitten in a dugout, went back to the German  
trenches, and got pussy number two.

Finally she had three kittens safe in the  
English lines, and speculation as to her reason  
for the removal of the kittens was in vain. She  
never told why she deserted the Germans.

The English officers, amused by her trust in  
them, wrote the story home, and a mother  
sent red ribbons for the pussies. Her son, in  
writing, said that they had named the three  
kittens, Snipe the Bomb-thrower, Wheezer, and  
Ginger, and that they looked very fetching as  
they sat beside him as he wrote his letter, deco-  
rated as they were with their red neck ribbons.

## THE PASSING OF TOM

From *The Express*, Watkins, New York

TOM, the town tom-cat, is dead. The day  
or the hour of his death is not definitely  
known, for as is the custom of his kind, he  
crept away to a cold dark barn, there to spend  
his last moments on earth. The remains were  
discovered, and through the medium of the Board  
of Health the body was given a decent burial.

The records concerning the birth of Tom,  
like that of many a human being who has  
raised himself to a place of eminence by his  
own efforts, have not been kept. According to  
the "Engine House Setters" he came to Watkins  
when very small and by his ability to make  
friends with everyone and everything but  
dogs soon became a well known character. It  
is doubtful if any member of the feline race  
ever possessed a wider acquaintance among men.

Tom's principal business was calling on the  
various tradesmen of our village. With some,  
it was only a short stop, while with others he  
would spend half a day, usually taking a nap in  
some favored nook.

Tom's innate cat wisdom was a matter of  
common knowledge. Educated in the school of  
experience, he had developed every faculty to  
its highest point. He knew his name. He  
knew who would allow him free access to their  
stores and who wouldn't. He knew where he  
could find a meal and which dogs had not as  
yet learned the wisdom of leaving him severely  
alone.

Tom showed marked ability as an actor,  
having appeared in the cast of one of the Athe-  
naeum Dramatic Club's plays, where he did his  
part extremely well.

Tom was black and white, and at his death  
was probably about nine or ten years old. Noth-  
ing is known of his ancestors, which perhaps is  
just as well. At any rate he was a great cat,  
a king among his kind, making the best of his  
opportunities, possessed of many friends and  
only a few enemies. The cause of his death  
was probably old age.

*The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy,  
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory  
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity."*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

## Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, April, 1917

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston. We do not wish to consider manuscripts of over 800 words in length.

### DEHORNING

A BILL has been introduced into the present Massachusetts Legislature for the dehorning of all bulls in the Commonwealth over one year of age. That hornless bulls are far safer animals to care for than those with horns, especially as they grow older, no one, probably, will deny. The cruelties of dehorning are so brutal, however, that no humane man witnessing it would ever want to see it repeated. It would be far better if all calves while under two weeks of age were rendered incapable of growing horns by having the two spots where the horns start moistened and then rubbed with a stick of caustic potash until the skin is, not broken, but just reddened. No horns ever grow after that, and it is almost painless. We spoke against this bill at the hearing, and believe it will never be reported.

### MR. HATHAWAY'S SUCCESSOR

THE place left vacant by our chief agent James R. Hathaway has been filled by the appointment of Mr. L. Willard Walker, of Belmont. Mr. Walker was born in New Hampshire, and comes of excellent New England stock. Educated in this country, his business a little later took him abroad, where he resided for ten years. He possesses, we believe, those qualifications which particularly fit him for this very difficult and important office in connection with our Society—an excellent education, a well-balanced mind, patience, courtesy, tactfulness, a wide knowledge of men, determination, and a genuine love for the work with which he is identified. Mr. Walker is in the prime of life, is married, has three young children, and owns an attractive home in Belmont. He has been familiar with our work for several years. We bespeak for him the confidence and good will of the many friends of the Society.

### ARE HIS FRIENDS INCREASING?

H. A. GOSSARD of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, Worchester, Ohio, at a recent meeting of the Ohio Audubon Society, defended the sparrow, saying it is one of the most useful of birds. This, at least, is what the Cincinnati *Times Star* reports him as saying. The sparrow evidently has his friends as well as his enemies.

FOLLOW the example of our heavenly Father and be kind to animals.

— Sacred Heart Review

### BOYS AND MILITARY TRAINING

DR. SARGENT, of Harvard College, an expert in physical training, said before the sub-committee of the U. S. Senate at a recent hearing upon the Chamberlain Compulsory Military Training Bill:—

"Growing boys need struggle and effort. They need to wrestle with each other and with life. They must improve the co-ordination of their minds and muscles, develop their judgment in unusual and even in trying circumstances. But military drill cuts them off completely from everything of that sort. There is scarcely an American outdoor game which does not tend to make better soldiers out of boys than does military training per se. The latter is one of the poorest systems ever devised for developing in the youth the personal qualities which a nation needs in time of war, let alone the demands of peace. The most military nations have now entirely abandoned compulsory military training for boys in schools.

### OUR WORK IN SWITZERLAND

OUR representative in Switzerland, Monsieur Jerome Perinet, writes us expressing his great delight in the following letter which he has received as the result of his many appeals to the Minister of Instruction of the Cantons de la Suisse Romane. We rejoice with him in what promises to be the introduction at least into all the schools of Switzerland of our Band of Mercy work:—

"We have received your letter of the 28th inst., accompanying the several pamphlets relating to Bands of Mercy which you recommend for introduction in our schools.

"We have turned over the question to Dr. Margisch, school inspector of the district of Sion. Dr. Margisch will try it out in the schools of that town, and then communicate with us concerning the matter.

"We will see, after considering the results in Sion, if it will be well to introduce this humane work into all the schools of the canton.

"We shall certainly keep you advised of the measures which we shall take with respect to this question."

### ENCOURAGING

THE Humane Society of Seattle tells us in its annual report that the "Bird-killing Boy is now a Rare Animal" in that part of Washington. Humane education and constant agitation of the subject have largely eliminated the air-rifle and the sling-shot from the pleasurable pastimes of boys. Humane education in our schools will do more to protect our birds than any amount of law can ever do.

### UNQUESTIONABLY TRUE

THE assertion that it is impossible to teach morals, except by example or implication, is an assertion that has been made by somebody in the past and has been passed around ever since without ever having been challenged or investigated, like a great many of our other so-called truths. Kindness, honesty, humanity, truthfulness, and moral courage can be taught to young minds just as easily and effectively as Latin or arithmetic. All that is necessary is to begin early enough, use ingenuity, and keep at it." J. HOWARD MOORE

You may not have the same success with all children in teaching these virtues any more than you do in teaching Latin or algebra, or even reading and writing; still you must keep on teaching.

### THE ALASKA DOG RACE

THIS country ought to be civilized enough to prevent the cruelties involved in animal races of every kind. If the humane societies in the various States through which such races are run cannot prevent them, the State officials should have enough pressure brought to bear upon them to act in the matter. At this distance we are only able to judge conditions from newspaper reports, according to one of which "Hartmann's dogs were badly punished. For the last two hundred miles his dogs were almost exhausted, and in order to keep them going he plied his rawhide, black-snake whip. The last two days he used his whip more sparingly, as the dogs were so nearly exhausted that more whipping was practically useless."

Many people of Minnesota feel this affair was a disgrace to their carnival, and are purposing to use all their influence another year to prevent such an occurrence. We trust every humane society in the country will cooperate with them.

This is a species of "sport" that might have pleased our savage ancestors, but has no place in the twentieth century.

### TEACHERS AND TRAPS

WE would like to suggest to teachers, particularly those in rural sections of the country, the wisdom of getting a steel trap, bringing it into the school room, and then, with the aid of some strong young man, demonstrating the cruelty made possible by this instrument of torture. Let it be seen how, when sprung, the sharp teeth grip, for example, a piece of wood. Then endeavor to induce the boys to put themselves in imagination in the places of trapped animals. Would not this object lesson end the "sport" of trapping for most boys? Due care should be taken, in springing the trap, that no one is injured.

### "FOR ALL THY SAINTS"

THE *Sacred Heart Review* very justly calls the attention of its readers to the fact that "feeding the birds" is no modern idea. It gives us this beautiful word from the life of St. Francis of Assisi, who often said:—

"If I can have speech of the Emperor, to entreat and persuade him, I will ask that for the love of God and of me he will make a special law that no one should take or kill our sisters the larks, nor do them any harm; and likewise that all the magistrates of cities and lords of fortresses and villages should be bound every year on Christmas day to compel men to throw out corn and other grain on the roads outside the cities and fortresses, that our sisters the larks and the other birds, too, may have somewhat to eat on the day of so great a festival; and that for reverence to the Son of God, Whom on that night the most Blessed Virgin Mary laid in a manger between the ox and the ass, every one who has an ox and an ass should be bound that night to provide them abundantly with good fodder.

### MAKES QUAIL A SONG-BIRD

THE State of Ohio has placed the quail upon the song-bird list. This action was taken by the Assembly after a sharp contest between the friends and enemies of the bird. "Bob White" has now qualified as a song-bird, an insectivorous bird, and a game bird. However classified, he is entitled to the fullest measure of protection. Among the most valuable of American birds he stands close to the head of the list. May his cheerful, welcome notes ring louder and clearer throughout the land!



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868  
Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital  
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
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NOTICE: — The post-office address of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., and of its officers and agents, is Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue.

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JOSEPH G. M. DE VITA, V.M.D.

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined .....	4051
Number of prosecutions .....	32
Number of convictions .....	29
Horses taken from work .....	115
Horses humanely destroyed .....	104
Small animals humanely destroyed ...	157

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined .....	13,796
Cattle, swine, and sheep humanely destroyed .....	62

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$4437.90 (in part) from Elizabeth G. Stuart of Hyde Park; \$459.71 from Mrs. Catherine McCully of Manchester, New Hampshire; \$100 (additional) from Abby M. Field of Brookline; and \$100 from Miss Florence Gilley of Marblehead. It has received gifts of \$400 from Mrs. L. N. K.; \$200 from Mrs. C. C. C.; \$100 each from Mrs. M. C., Miss C. C. K., Miss G. K., and C. H. W.; \$50 from Mrs. M. K. B.; \$40 from the Misses H. L. and M. S. E.; \$30 from Miss L. S. B.; \$25 from Mrs. W. S. F.; and \$20 each from Mrs. R. M. S., Mrs. S. F. S. and Mrs. J. G. T.

The Society has been remembered in the will of George Allen of Pierrepont Manor, New York.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$26.19 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, and \$6.67, interest.

Boston, March 13, 1917.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.

Chief Veterinarian  
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } Resident  
J. G. M. DEVITA, V.M.D. } Assistants  
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S. } Visiting  
C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S. } Veterinarians  
T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S.

Treatment for sick or injured animals

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### Pet-dog Boarding Department

Under direct oversight of the Doctors of the Hospital

Address 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston  
Telephone, Brookline 6100

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

Cases entered .....	241
Dogs .....	133
Cats .....	40
Horses .....	67
Bird .....	1
Operations .....	121

#### Free Dispensary

Cases .....	337
Dogs .....	196
Cats .....	130
Horses .....	15
Birds .....	2
Monkey .....	1
Hospital cases since opening, March 1, 1915 .....	4944
Free Dispensary cases .....	6454
Total .....	11,398

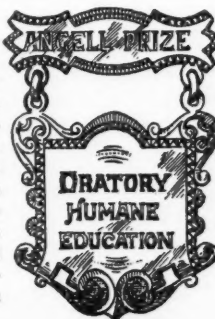
#### TO PREVENT CRUELTY IN FILMS

WE are glad to note that President Hugh J. Baldwin of the State Humane Association of California has introduced into the Assembly of that State a Bill with these provisions: —

"Every person who shall take or make or print or publish or show or exhibit, or who shall authorize or aid or abet or direct or permit the taking, making, printing, publishing, showing or exhibition of any moving picture in which is shown the maiming, crippling, injuring, or cruel killing of, or any other form of cruelty to, any dumb animal or other creature, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

#### ANGELL PRIZE SPEAKING CONTESTS

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere. We offer beautiful sterling silver medals at cost, \$1.75, by registered mail. This cut shows the size and face inscriptions. On the back is engraved "The American Humane Education Society."



#### THE VACATION HOME FUND

The Farm we have — the Fund we have not in Proportion to our needs.

If all members of our Bands of Mercy — there are Approximately 106,050 Bands in existence — Would each contribute Their mite, a Goodly sum would be realized.

The Mile o' Dimes We mean to continue Until the mile is won.

Every order for the little Inside clothesline reel Adds another quarter to the Fund That helps too.

The Vacation Fund is more Necessary now than at any Time — if such be possible for Spring is here. There are no buildings On the Farm.

We have money for their Erection — Alas! It is not enough and We ask all who are interested In this great humanitarian Cause to help us Make the buildings grow that When the autumn of this year Is at hand the Necessary complement will be Ready for the cold season following.

The Gift Shop will close Some time after Easter. Work for the Fund will be Continued in other ways.

Address, as heretofore, Mrs. Estelle Tyler Warner, 386 Washington Street, Brookline (Phone, Brookline 6756-W), Massachusetts.

#### ESSAY CONTEST CLOSES MAY 1

THE prize essay contest for Boy Scouts, in which the American Humane Education Society offers three prizes, one of fifty dollars, one of thirty, and one of twenty, to the Boy Scouts of the country for the three best essays on the subject, "Our Animals — Their Sufferings — What we Owe Them — How we May Help Them," closes May 1, 1917.

All essays in competition for the prizes should be written on one side of the paper only, and contain not over fifteen hundred words, and be mailed to the Society's offices, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass. Helpful and suggestive literature will be sent, upon application, to those desiring to compete.

#### FOR OMAHA SCOUTS

WE have been advised by Mr. Walter P. McGuire, editor of *Boys' Life*, that the Nebraska Humane Society has voted to duplicate the prizes offered to Boy Scouts by the American Humane Education Society, if an Omaha Scout wins a prize.

Humane Sunday, April 22, 1917

"Be Kind to Animals" Week, April 16-21





## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston  
P. O. Address, Back Bay Station

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

### MR. CARROLL IN THE SOUTH

THE Rev. Richard Carroll of Columbia, S. C., one of our colored field workers, sends us a paper containing his address delivered before the Race Conference in February, and writes:—

"White and black were present. I told the white people to their faces that they are hypocrites; sending white women to Africa to carry the gospel and teach Negroes in Africa, naked savages that they are, and yet, if a white person in the South attempted to do the same thing he would be ostracized or killed.

"I have just returned from Georgetown, S. C., where I delivered my humane lecture on 'Good Luck and How to Get It.' It is said that 1500 persons, white and colored, composed the audience. The mayor of the city introduced me and all the city aldermen were out."

### WE OUGHT TO HAVE \$500,000 A YEAR

FRIENDS who ask us for large gifts of our literature must remember that our publications and work are now reaching not only over our own country but largely around the world.

With utmost care it has cost us over \$25,000 a year for paper and printer's bills and now paper has doubled in price.

Requests for our humane literature are steadily increasing. If we only had the means we should be glad (as some of our denominational missionary societies are now doing) to spend \$500,000 a year in humanely educating the coming generations.

If we had the means we could increase to ten times their present number the Bands of Mercy of our American Humane Education Society, whose mottoes are *Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature.*

The late Frances E. Willard wrote of our work: "I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any founded in the name of Christ."

### JAPAN HUMANE SOCIETY

WE have recently received from Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé, Tokyo, the following acknowledgment of our coöperation in supplying funds and lantern slides for humane work in that country:

"The Japan Humane Society is most grateful for the aid extended towards the publication, in Japanese, of 'Black Beauty.' I wish to acknowledge the draft sent by you, representing fifty dollars gold, and express my warm thanks.

"We are also very grateful for the attention you are giving to our request for slides, and are looking forward to their arrival with keenest interest.

"As I think I told you, there was delay in starting the lectures in the early autumn, due to the very strict precautions to prevent the spread of cholera in schools. During November and December addresses were made to the children of eight primary schools, with an average attendance of five to eight hundred boys and girls in each school. A song was taught them, kindness to animals, of course, being its motif. We have some forty slides taken on the streets of Tokyo, to illustrate the treatment of horses, and these do fairly well for a beginning. If you could see the slides, however, you would realize that our educational needs are not answered and the demands of the field we have entered are vast and varied.

"I shall send you a copy of our last Annual Report and you will see that we are slowly making progress. The overloading and consequent ill-treatment are awful, especially the ignorant pulling and jerking of the mouth. I think I spoke of sympathetic coöperation on the part of the Head of the Bureau of Public Welfare. We hope soon to have definite arrangements for a talk to the police in their training school, on the aims and educational efforts of the Humane Society. Our immediate cry is for an animal ambulance, as disabled horses suffer greatly."

### OUR SLIDES IN TEXAS THEATRES

REV. F. RIVERS BARNWELL has arranged with two theatres in Fort Worth, Texas, to exhibit lantern slides recently provided by the American Humane Education Society. The slides were also shown during the demonstrations of "Economic Week," recently observed in that city.

### FROM GALSWORTHY'S "A SHEAF"

CAN you imagine," he went on, "how any sane person can find pleasure in the sight of those swift things (goldfish) swimming forever and ever in a bowl about twice the length of their own tails?"

"No," I said, "I cannot — though, of course, they're very pretty."

"That is, no doubt, the reason why they are kept in misery."

THINK of the luxury of having your own tail. Think of the cool swish of it. Think of the real beauty of it! Think of the sheer hideousness of all that great front balanced behind by a few scrub hairs and a wriggle! It became "smart" to dock horses' tails, and smart to wear "aigrettes." "Smart" — "neat" — "efficient" — for all except the horse and the poor egrets.

WE cannot sit down at present to a single meal without complicity in methods that produce a large amount of preventable suffering to creatures for whom the least sensitive among us has at heart a certain friendly feeling.

WHY should this enormous field, wherein does occur such an amount of easily preventable suffering, be left so unpatrolled by the law, which has interested itself in warding off all needless suffering from cats and dogs and horses?

WHICH do you consider has the larger mind — the man who has satisfied his idle curiosity by staring at all the caged animals of the earth, or the man who has been brought up to feel that to keep such indomitable creatures as hawks and eagles, wolves and panthers, shut up, to gratify mere curiosity, is a dreadful thing?

### SOME MORAL EVILS OF WAR

BY ARTHUR MACDONALD

WE all hate war, but the purpose of this study is to make us detest it so much that we will avoid doing things which lead to war.

The deepest evil of war is not only suffering death, ruin of cities, wasting of homes, plagues, famine or fire; but war also depraves as it destroys; it is the moral damage as well as the physical. The murderous desires and frenzy of non-combatants at home are nearly as bad as the stabs of the soldiers; the brutality of the man in the street, the blood-thirst fostered by teachers, inculcated in schools, preached in churches, and exhorted in the name of the Lord; this saturation of the people at home with murder and hatred is moral shrapnel. The journalist encouraging hate; the speculator telegraphing hate for sake of greed; the mob thirsting for blood and a raging hell of diseased patriotism, permeating a whole nation, saturating the minds of every one from the youngest child to the oldest citizen, — these are some of the moral evils of war.

### FOR INDIAN PUPILS

JOHN B. BROWN, superintendent of the United States Indian Industrial School at Phoenix, Arizona, in ordering a renewal of thirty-six subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, writes:

"The senior teacher advises that our Indian pupils are much interested in this magazine and we desire to continue its use."

## LASSIE'S FIDELITY

BY F. W. B.

I HAVE a friend down in Connecticut, who for several years has brought milk to my summer home, a sturdy, honest fine type of Scotchman in whom every one who knows him has implicit faith and consequent respect. A few years ago he became custodian, for a friend of his, of a pair of fine Irish terrier dogs, of splendid breeding, both the winners of several blue ribbons. Their names were "Teddy" and "Lassie." They were a splendid couple and the admiration of all from far and near.

Now Lassie came to have a family of her own, ten in all, pretty little tan balls of puppydom, and they had more than their share of admirers and she was justly proud of them. They grew until one of these puppies had a family of her own and she too was a proud mother, for they were just as cute and cunning as she was when little.

Her children were but a month old when one day in company with her father, Teddy, and her mother, Lassie, she went roaming over the fields and pastures of the farm in her daily exercise.

My friend and his wife were sitting by the fireside in the kitchen when Lassie came to the door, scratching and whining and demanding entrance. But when she was admitted, instead of lying by the fire for a siesta after her run, she ran pacing the floor back and forth in great agitation, whining and crying out continually until my friend, MacDonald, rose and said, "Wife, there's something unusual the matter with Lassie; I must go with her." Opening the door, he went out, Lassie rushing on before, now barking, now crying piteously as she led the way across the fields, until at last she stopped before the crushed and lifeless body of her daughter, the mother of the little pups at home, under a "dead fall" some one had thoughtlessly set to entrap a skunk. She had been led into the trap by the lure of the bait, sprung the lever, and was crushed under the weight of the stones.

And as feelingly my friend and his wife told of the fidelity of Lassie to her daughter, I admired more than ever, if it were possible, the friend of man into whose life the Creator of man and animal has placed that which, while we do not understand, is very like intelligence. No man could have done more than Lassie did for her own, and she is entitled to the admiration we have for her.

THEN pealed the bells more loud and deep,  
"God is not dead nor doth He sleep;  
The wrong shall fail,  
The right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good will to men."

LONGFELLOW

## "Be Kind to Animals" Week, April 16-21, 1917

MONDAY, April 16, 1917, will be the opening day of "Be Kind to Animals" Week, which will be followed by Humane Sunday, April 22. Interested individuals everywhere, as well as all humane organizations, are earnestly urged to observe this special week of emphasis upon man's duties to the weak and defenseless, those "who cannot speak for themselves."

"Be Kind to Animals" Week was first generally observed two years ago, and last year the celebrations became so general that nearly every prominent society for the protection of animals had some part in the good work. Publicity was the keynote of the movement, and this was obtained in a great variety of ways. It is affirmed by competent authorities that more space in the daily and weekly press was given to the subject of kindness to animals and to the work of humane societies during the period of "Be Kind to Animals" Week last year than ever before during an equal time. Many clever cartoons appeared in prominent journals, notably those of Omaha, Nebraska, and leading editorials were given in hundreds of influential newspapers, all pointing the lessons of "Be Kind to Animals."

These striking words were flashed from electric signs, hung up on cards in shop windows, painted on base-ball fences, displayed on billboards, exhibited on slides in moving picture theatres, shown in attractive mottoes attached to the harness of horses, fastened on automobiles, and formed the decoration of many handsome floats which appeared in special "Be Kind to Animals" parades, organized for the celebration.

Thousands of children were supplied with buttons and ribbons bearing these words of kindness, many paraded behind banners gaily wafting the message to the breezes, and in hundreds of schools special attention was given to humane exercises, entertainments, instruction, and the work of Bands of Mercy. In Massachusetts this year, Tuesday, April 17, will be set aside as the special Humane Day for schools, when every teacher in the grammar grades will be supplied by the American Humane Education Society with a free copy of a special pamphlet containing recitations, readings, and suggestions for other appropriate exercises. A sample copy of this pamphlet will be mailed free to any teacher or humane worker, anywhere.

In making plans to interest children in "Be Kind to Animals" Week, the attractions and value of the pageant should not be overlooked. Here is an opportunity to get large numbers of children actively engaged in the celebration,

and to present features that will attract the entire population.

Humane lectures, talks in Sunday-schools, and young people's meetings, humane story hours for little folks, essay contests for school children, and the active coöperation of Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, and similar organizations, are among the plans that should be made everywhere for a general observance of "Be Kind to Animals" Week.

Librarians should be requested to coöperate during the Week by putting out in the children's departments of public libraries such books as have reference to the kind treatment of animals.

Additional suggestions for the proper observance of "Be Kind to Animals" Week and of Humane Sunday may be obtained by addressing the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., also the American Humane Association, 237 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

All newspapers (and thousands of them receive this issue of *Our Dumb Animals*) are asked, for the good of the cause, to republish as much of this article as they have space for, or to call the attention of their readers to the movement through special editorial mention, or at least prominently to display in their columns for the next few weeks these words: "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" WEEK, APRIL 16-21, 1917—HUMANE SUNDAY, APRIL 22.

## BE KIND TO DUMB CREATURES

A Song for "Be Kind to Animals" Week

BY MRS. J. F. R. FIRTH

BE kind to dumb creatures, be gentle, be true,  
For food and protection they look up to you;  
For affection and help to your bounty they turn.  
Oh, do not their trusting hearts wantonly spurn!

Be kind to dumb creatures, nor grudge them your care,  
God gave them their life, and your love they must share;  
And He who the sparrow's fall tenderly heeds  
Will lovingly look on compassionate deeds.

He made them and blessed them, the least are His care:  
The swallow that wings her swift flight through the air,  
The dog on your hearthstone, the horse in your barn,  
The cow in your pasture, the sheep on your farm.



"BE KIND TO ANIMALS" FLOAT IN PARADE OF STATE FAIR, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

## WEARING OUT TWO MILLION CHILDREN

BY ALICE PARK

THE calendar of the American Humane Education Society says on its January leaf:

"The last Sunday in January is Child Labor Sunday. It is necessary to educate men and women regarding child labor, what it really is, and how dearly it is costing the human race. The movement for child protection, the protest against child labor, even the juvenile court, are all related to the general humane education work. All human and humane movements advance together. Progress in one line helps all progress."

"Haven't we a child labor law in our state?" is a common question when child labor is under discussion. No one should be contented and comfortable because his or her state laws forbid child labor. \* \* \* These laws are enforced to the degree demanded by local public opinion. \* \* \*

But child labor is a national question and a national disgrace. It involves at least two million children who are robbed of school and playground life and growth.

Child laborers of other states help to make what all people eat and wear. More than a million children are at work today, eleven, twelve, and even thirteen hours. Tonight, while we sleep, the night shifts of children in factories, and even in mines, will contribute something for the world's use tomorrow. Eight hours' work makes a long day for a strong man. Noise, lint, bad air and tension add hour by hour to the laborer's fatigue.

If we could see the world procession of child laborers, dismissed at the end of their daily, or nightly, toil, we should be appalled. We should be ashamed. We should be convicted of gross cruelty. We should know also that we are injuring the race. The weakest of the children die. Those who are only half killed grow up to become the parents of the next generation. Every spool of thread, every yard of cloth, every piece of coal, every shoestring and hat trimming, every doll or other toy, every hairbrush, every package of tobacco, every glass bead and glass bottle, every garment, every carpet and every book and magazine we touch are products in part of the labor of little children. \* \* \*

The cheap labor of children has supplanted the dearer labor of men and women. Sometimes parents lose their jobs and the places are given to their own children, at half or quarter wages. It seems queer that a nation calling itself civilized should force millions of young children to unheard-of toil, while unemployed adults beg in vain for jobs. It is against nature that human beings should "live upon their young."

Do we care enough to think of the child laborers of the nation, one day in the year, and all together? Is it our business? Whose business is it?

Western Humane Press Committee

SCATTER your kind words broadcast. They are the best alms you will ever be privileged to give to anybody. Speaking of some one who had said a cordial word when he was downcast, a young man gratefully said: "He didn't give me money, but what he said somehow cheered me up so that I went right out and struck a job. He couldn't put his hand in his pocket for me, and so he put his hand in his heart, and that's far and away the best kind of helping."



DUTCH BELTED HEIFERS UNDER TWO YEARS OLD

Owned and bred by G. G. GIBBS, Marksboro, New Jersey

## THE FISH-GLOBE EVIL

IN many department stores, five-and-ten-cent stores, drug stores, and others, we frequently see from two to four small goldfish, crowded into a little fish-globe holding from a pint to a quart of water, without sand, grass, snails, or tadpoles to provide the proper balance. These fish are seen constantly at the top gasping for air. They are usually given away with purchases. They are carried home by the recipients and there neglected and finally die from being tortured to death because of their ill-treatment.

Authorities agree that there should be not less than one gallon of water in an aquarium to each one half to one inch of body (exclusive of tail); from one to three tadpoles and snails to each fish; one-fourth of the aquarium planted in various kinds of aquatic plants.

The "torture chambers" given gratis to purchasers in stores are anything but "balanced" and are greatly overstocked.

Officers of the Humane Society stationed in the various cities throughout the country should be on the lookout for these "Gifts of Torture" and immediately request the proprietors to stop the nuisance and discontinue permanently the practice, explaining to them the cruelty to the animal life in the small globes. If the proprietors refuse to discontinue the wholesale distribution after being cautioned by the humane officer, they should be brought before the courts for appropriate action. One or two test cases will suffice to enlighten the distributors of these stocked globes, for when once they learn that it is cruel to the animals and not humane, they will cease. But the vigilant eye should be ever kept upon them, lest through laxness the torture be continued. There are aquarium societies in nearly every large city which will be ready at all times to assist in eradicating this evil.

You may be strong, but cruelty may go with strength. So be both gentle and strong.

## ON THE CATTLE TRAIN

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

ALONG the shining track it swiftly speeds;  
A train o'erladen, not with human freight  
On pleasure bent, but with poor weary beasts,  
Whose lolling tongues and mutely pleading eyes  
Entreat in vain. A cattle train 'tis called.  
When at the journey's end death has released  
A few from torture, they who pay the toll  
Bemoan the shekels from their coffers lost, —  
This, and no more. The overcrowded trains  
Still speed their way unheeding mercy's call.  
Why need a few wee lambs and lowing calves  
Dying of thirst in crowded, stifling cars,  
Call for protection from man's cruelty?  
'Tis said God heeds the sparrow when it falls.  
The humblest creature finds his loving care  
Unfailing. Why should we be less humane?  
Why sanction by our silence this abuse?

EVEN the common crows, the blackest of them all, who have had their pictures put in the rogues' gallery more than once, are great co-operators. They are shrewd and crafty folks, not easily outwitted and interesting because of their individualistic tendencies and variable temperaments. It is true they do not like to follow plans nor pick up corn laid down for them by mere man, preferring to get at the root and kernel of the material themselves, but all of this is not for pure mischief or love of stealing, of which these birds have so often been accused and for which they have been condemned to death. They go after and capture the wireworms, cutworms, white grubs, grasshoppers, and other parasitic hangers-on which render no useful service in return for the food they steal and destroy.

WHY," asks a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"  
"Because," said another paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."



## THE BELTED KINGFISHER

THE kingfisher was well named. As a catcher of fish he is all that his name suggests — champion or king of the bird fishers. But the kingfisher once had an even more suggestive name. It was a name out of which sprung a most interesting legend or superstition. His early and more poetical name was halcyon. There is an ancient fable which represents the halcyon as laying its eggs in nests that floated gently and smoothly on the sea and that the brooding mother halcyon had power to charm the winds and waves during the period of incubation, so that the weather was fine and the sea calm. Hence comes the modern expression, "halcyon days," which are days of peace and tranquillity.

Many a poet and author has made reference to this beautiful fable in his writings. Pliny said of the halcyons: "The very seas, and they that sail thereupon, know well when they sit and breed," and Dryden's lines in the "Death of Cromwell" are expressive:

"And wars have that respect for his repose

As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea."

There is another interesting legend connected with the color of the plumage of the kingfisher, but it applies more appropriately to the female bird of the European species than to any of the American varieties. Originally, so the fable goes, the kingfisher was a plain gray bird, but in its joy at being released from Noah's ark it soared so high as to acquire new colors such as it has at present. The feathers of its back assumed the hue of the sky above it, and its lower plumage was scorched by the heat of the



Photo from Nat'l Ass'n Audubon Societies

## AMERICAN KINGFISHERS

setting sun to the rufous tints that it now bears.

The American belted kingfisher is one of the most interesting-to-watch and picturesque birds along our river banks and around our lake shores. William L. Finley, in his "American Birds," gives us a vivid picture of how this bird captures his finny prey and what rights he has to angle for his living:—

"It is always exciting to me to watch these birds catch fish. I enjoy it as much as pulling them out myself. I was sitting on the bank one day when my old 'king' came rattling down the river in swift, straight flight, and swerving up, caught himself in mid-air and came to a stop about fifteen feet above the water. What

*It's  
hard enough  
to have no mother  
but an  
incubator.*

## A CRUEL EASTER PRACTICE



*Please  
help save us from  
the  
"Easter Chick"  
sale!*

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Won't you say a word on our behalf? The children hurt us, unintentionally no doubt, then forget us, and we die a wretched death. Please speak against the cruel practice of buying and selling us for Easter presents.

Through our friend, *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.*

BOSTON, April, 1917.

## TO A CANARY BIRD

BY TRUMAN H. WOODWARD

*Oh, little bird,  
Thy song is heard  
So full of cheer, when not a word  
Is said to thee!  
How canst thou be  
So cheerful in captivity?*

*I roam about  
Both in and out  
Of doors, and yet, beyond a doubt,  
My store of cheer  
Is nowhere near  
As great as thine in cage so drear.  
Now either you  
Or I must view  
This world of ours somewhat askew:  
But candidly,  
Which e'er may see  
Amiss, I fear it is not thee.*

## GULL RESCUED BY MATES

THE *Boston Globe* of February 14 tells how a flock of gulls in Boston harbor rescued one with a broken wing:—

The gull had perched on a large cake of ice to rest. The swash of the passing ferryboats drove the water over the ice and the gull soon found itself frozen to the cake. The other gulls began to circle around the helpless bird, uttering shrill cries. After hovering above their crippled mate for a time, the "king" bird alighted on the floating ice and was soon followed by a score of other gulls.

Then, under the direction of the leader, the gulls began pecking at the ice with their bills. They made little ditches around the feet of the imprisoned bird. Meanwhile other gulls alighted on surrounding pieces of ice, and acted as a breakwater, while others swam around the ice. Their great concern was apparently for the crippled gull.

It was not long before the injured bird was free, but when it attempted to fly it dropped into the water. Then the other gulls rallied to its assistance. They surrounded the cripple and moved down the harbor, presumably to get the bird ashore.

## TO THE ROBIN

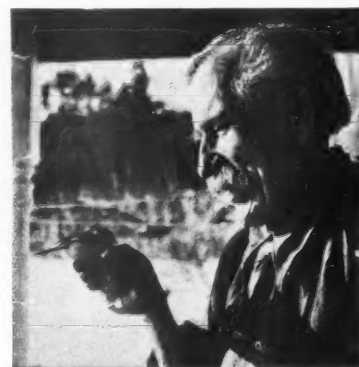
BY JAMES G. GABELLE

*DEAR robin, friend of man,  
Thy cheery call comes with the day!  
How slowly pass the dreary hours,  
When thou art far away!*

## SPARROWS ATTEND MASS

MRS. A. M. NEWELL of Perrysburg, New York, writes us about a pleasing incident which took place at the J. H. Adam Memorial Hospital one Sunday morning last January.

During the celebration of mass two sparrows flew in at the open window, circled around several times, perched themselves side by side on a rafter in the chapel, and all through the singing chirped audibly. They then remained on their stand, watching the service to the end, when they flew out as the congregation was leaving.



## A FRIENDLY CHICKADEE

One of a flock daily fed at a home in Boscaawen, N.H.

## 587 New Bands of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT and L. H. GUYOL, *State Organizers*

PLEDGE: "I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Five hundred and eighty-seven new Bands of Mercy were reported in February, of which 184 were in schools of Massachusetts; 183 in schools of Rhode Island; 78 in schools of Virginia; 53 in schools of South Carolina; 34 in schools of Texas; 11 in Maryland; 10 in Alabama; six each in Pennsylvania and Louisiana; four in the British West Indies; three in Ohio; two each in New York, North Carolina, Minnesota and Washington; and one each in Vermont, Mississippi, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Idaho, and Canada. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

#### Schools in Massachusetts

Beverly: Centerville, 3; Cove, 5.  
Boston: Girls' Trade, 20.  
Cambridge: Kelley, 17; Tarbell, 5; Taylor, 9; Fletcher, 15; Gannett, 5; Thorndike, 19; Willard, 12; Houghton, 17; Morse, 3; Putnam, 14.  
Everett: High, 24.  
Newburyport: Kelley Training, 8; Kelley, 5.  
Lynn, Massachusetts: American Eagle.  
Nantucket, Massachusetts: Nantucket.  
Roxbury, Massachusetts: Roxbury Home Club.  
Whiting, Vermont: Whiting.

#### Schools in Rhode Island

Central Falls: St. Matthew's Parochial, 8; Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, 23.  
Newport: St. Mary's, 5; St. Mary's of the Isle, 9; Hazard Memorial, 9; Hazard Memorial High, 2; St. Augustine, 7.  
Pawtucket: St. Joseph's, 11; St. Mary's, 13.  
Providence: Covill St. Primary, 4; Amherst St. Primary, 3; Friendship St. Primary, 4; Willard Ave. Primary, 5; Eddy St. Primary, 4; Chalkstone Ave. Primary, 9; Almy St. Primary, 4; Camp St. Primary, 3; Berkshire St. Primary, 10; Veazie St. Primary, 9; Daniel Ave. Primary, 4; America St. Primary, 11; State St. Primary, 4; Old Beacon Ave., 4; Grove St. Primary, 7; Montague St. Primary, 7; Roger Williams Primary, 4.  
Jamestown, New York: Fairmont Mission.  
Rome, New York: L. T. L.

#### Bands in Pennsylvania

Chambersburg: Wide Awake; Nature Lovers; Drawbaugh.  
Elrama: Elrama.  
Erie: Park Presbyterian S. S.  
Shippensburg: Nature Lovers.

#### Bands in Ohio

Dayton: Courtesy.  
Monroeville: Dumb Animal Protection.  
Salem: Salvation Army.  
Grand Rapids, Michigan: Lincoln.  
La Farge, Wisconsin: Sand Hill.  
Duluth, Minnesota: Salter School; Fairmount School.  
Waverly, Iowa: Lincoln.

#### Bands in Maryland

Bethlehem: Bethlehem; Golden Star.  
Pocomoke City: Pocomoke City.  
Preston: Bobolink; Robin; Maryland; Preston; United States; Red Bird; Blue Bird; Louise.

#### Schools in Virginia

Norfolk: James Monroe, 24; Bush, 8; Stonewall Jackson, 10; Thomas Jefferson, 10; John Goode, 12; William Ruffner, 7; James B. Hope, 7.  
Raleigh, North Carolina: Lucinda Creech.  
Reidsville, North Carolina: Reidsville.

#### Schools in South Carolina

Dorchester: Caroline Dickinson.  
Harleyville: Harleyville Graded, 3; White Pond, 2; Bell, 2.  
Pragnell: Rural; Byrds.  
St. George: St. George, 9; Oak Villa, 3; Pine Grove; Byrd's Colored; Colored Graded, 5; Indian Fields, 2; Independence, 2; Pine Forest; Reeseville, 4; Badham; Oak Grove, 1.  
Summerville: Epiphany Colored, 2; High, 3; Public Graded, 8.

Birmingham, Alabama: Avondale School, 10.

Brooksville, Mississippi: L. T. L.

Abbeville, Louisiana: High School, 6.

#### Schools in Texas

Cleburn: Public, 4.  
Denison: High; Public, 5; Pleasant Grove; Longston, 4.  
Denton: Public, 3.  
Fort Worth: Ninth Ward.  
Gainesville: High, 4.  
Point Pilot: St. John, 3.  
Sherman: Fred Douglas, 8.  
Rexburg, Idaho: North Salem School.  
Lynden, Washington: Fourth Grade.  
Seattle, Washington: Latona Humane Club, Chap. 1.  
Montreal, Quebec, Canada: Mount Royal.  
Luca, Jamaica, B. W. L.: Claremont.  
Prattville, Jamaica, B. W. L.: Campbells Castle 3.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 106,060

OUR State organizer, Miss Ella A. Maryott, formed 251 Bands of Mercy in the public schools of Cambridge, Massachusetts, during January and February of this year.

### THE USEFUL BARN OWL

Mrs. American Barn Owl is quite content with her homely name, satisfying her artistic nature with a harmonious costume of buff, overlaid with grayish, spotted with white and dotted with black. She maintains her independent economic status in the civic plan of the bird republic by ridding the community of meadow-mice, rats, beetles, shrews, gophers, and other undesirable settlers in the fields.

### ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLE

1. Mole-St.
2. C-otter.
3. DET-ermine.



### NOVEL METHOD OF FEEDING CATS

BY THOS. A. SHEEHAN

WHILE on a visit to the farm of Miss Nellie Sheehan, Montgomery, Minnesota, last September, I saw three cats follow the milkman to the barn, and being interested, I went in. As soon as the milkman sat down to milk the cow, the cats stood on their hind legs and each in turn got the milk as he drew it from the cow. It looked so good I wanted a picture, and the barn being too dark, it was necessary to go outside. When all was ready it was found that only one of the cats would do the trick there, with the result shown in the accompanying picture.



### "JIM" ASKS FOR HELP

Stolen—Boston brindle bull, year old; white breast and feet, head markings, screw tail, bat ears, undershot; Jim; liberal reward. 286 Vine st., Hartford, Conn.

Dear Children:—

My name is "Jim." I am sending my picture to *Our Dumb Animals* in the hope that you may see it and help me find my lost home. I was stolen and taken far from my home four months ago and I am very unhappy and lonesome and anxious to get back again.

My home was in Hartford, Connecticut, near Keney Park, and I used to love to run there, to wade in the pond, and play with my friends, of whom I had a great many.

One day a man came along and spoke to me. I thought he was a friend but he took me in his automobile far, far from my home.

My mistress brought me up from a tiny puppy and taught me many things, among others not to steal. She said it was very wrong to take things—it was stealing, and so after that I never took anything that wasn't given to me, so I can't understand why it mustn't be wrong to take a little dog like me away from his home.

I know a lot of tricks, but I am afraid I will forget them because nobody here knows about them.

Dear children, won't you keep your eyes wide open every day and if you should see me send a postal to my master so he will come and get me, I do so want to go home!

Your lost friend, "Jim."

### DANNY

BY CHARLES ALBERT FOTH

LITTLE companion, faithful and true,  
I wonder what lies in the soul of you, Danny?  
I've studied the look in your fervent eyes,  
Eloquent, wistful, worshipful, wise,  
You're a stanch little friend for one of your size,  
Danny!

Often, oh often, when I'm feeling blue,  
Suddenly comes the warm touch of you, Danny:  
Can it, I wonder, be true that you know  
Something of sorrow in this world of woe,  
That you would so much of sympathy show, Danny?

It's a world where affections are trifled for pelf,  
Where the shrine of devotion lies mostly in self,  
Danny.

But life would assume a far different hue,  
The tears of this world would be strangely few  
If constancy always found champions like you,  
Danny.



TOM KNICKERBOCKER

**D**ID you ever hear of a cat acting as watchman in a great building, and never leaving the place to go out, by day or night? Here is a picture of "Tom," who has been watchman for sixteen years in the building of the Knickerbocker Case Company, Chicago, a firm which appreciate animals so much that they have subscribed for a large number of copies of *Our Dumb Animals*. In sending us this picture of Tom, they write:—

A great many people have asked about Tom. Glad to say he is like most every customer we ever had, including the first one—still with us.

Tom starts at quitting time to go the rounds. If he makes a catch, leaves the hide in the office to show he is earning his bed and board—nice cream, cooked meats, in fact everything cats like, and a two-room apartment. We all love him. So would you.

In the morning he stations himself at the door and greets each one as he comes in, then visits around awhile and finally curls up, selecting a tray or box containing orders or letters which brought checks.

Since we have had him to the dentist for the second time now, he is feeling fine, eats all right and is very happy. No, never was on the ground but once and then acted so queer we never tried it again.

We could tell a whole lot more about Tom, but just want you to know he is still on the job. Anyhow, thank you for enquiring about him.

Yours truly,

TOM'S FOLKS.



HAPPY PLAYMATES

## THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY

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**I** KNOW a little fellow who has travelled wide and far,  
Among all sorts of curious lands where elves and goblins are.  
He's seen the fairies dancing to the music of the breeze,  
Beyond the cobweb bridges in the weeping willow trees.  
He knows the gentle lullabys the frogs sing in the dell,  
He understands them every word, but he will never tell.

The rhapsody the robin chants upon the swaying limb  
Is just a song to you and me, but it has words for him.  
And he knows what the rabbit says when he comes home at night  
And greets his swarm of children 'neath the flickering fire-fly light.  
He has the family secrets of the gauze-winged bumblebee  
And keeps his knowledge to himself—it's not for you and me.

I'd like to journey forth with him along the rainbow's edge  
And watch the emerald katydids that fiddle in the sedge;  
I'd like to see the pixies ride the speeding dragon-flies,  
And watch the light of wonder in the cricket's shining eyes.  
I saw these marvels long ago—too long ago—and then,  
I wandered out beyond a gale that never swings again!

## DOG "NAT," FRIEND OF BOYS AND GIRLS

**N**AT was the big, black, curly-haired dog that liked to lie on the sidewalk in front of his home in Raleigh, North Carolina, and watch the people go by and perhaps doze a little between times. He was a dog of such good manners and behavior that he was allowed to go anywhere he chose, and so he went wherever he liked and was always a welcome guest.

The boys and girls who attended the public schools knew Nat, as he seldom failed to be present when the school bell rang. No one enjoyed outdoor play better than Nat. Often-times he went along with the base-ball clubs as mascot, wearing the school colors very proudly and barking very loudly for the home team. Sometimes he went to parties and to the theatre and he was a regular attendant at church and Sunday school.

Once while at the theatre Nat was so much stirred up over a dainty little poodle who performed on the stage that he barked right out loud and attracted a whole lot of attention. It was not certain whether he was trying to show his disapproval of performing dogs or applauding the really clever acting.

Nat lived to be thirteen years old, and when he passed away, not long ago, there was sincere sorrow among his many friends. One little girl who loved Nat dearly and misses him is quite sure that Nat has gone to "Beautiful Joe's Paradise," he was such a good dog.

A good maxim for children to know is this: "If we wish to have a pleasant face, we must think kind thoughts and do kind deeds"; and here are some lines that every child should memorize:

"Do the kindest deed you can today;  
Smile your sweetest smile, and trust, and pray;  
You may be a Messenger of Light  
Leading some sad heart from out the night;  
God has worked great miracles of grace  
Through the gentle deed—the kindly face."



## The True Story of a Horse

By MRS. MAUDE COUSINS

ON the hillside in Conway, Massachusetts, is a grave not marked by costly monument or stone, yet in it lies the truest friend I ever knew.

I am glad that I can feel that she lies buried on the farm that was her home for twenty years and that she will never experience the misery of being sold into cruel bondage, when old, and dying, home-sick and alone, as many a once petted horse has done.

When she was three years old my mother bought her for me to drive to school, and from that day we were "pals." She took me to high school, and she lived to take my son to school. She soon learned to know even my step, and my approach was always heralded with a glad whinner. I treated her as though she were a human being, talking to her so much that she soon learned to understand a good many words.

At one time a young boy who took care of her was inclined to discredit my statement that she would open the box-stall door. The lower section of the door opened hard, and in

Puss accepted the baby with many manifestations of interest, and would smell of his cheeks and look at me with such mute questioning in her eyes, as if to say, "What is this mite that threatens to usurp my place in the affections of my mistress?" Yet she never showed any signs of jealousy toward him and always appeared to be glad to have him pat her nose and never drew her head away even when he would stick his chubby fingers in her eyes. But if I spoke to other horses in the barn, she would become very restless in her stall and summon me with a very peremptory whinner.

When sick with epizootic, Puss would take without any struggle any medicine I tried to give her and would hold her head down and stretch out her neck so I could put about her throat the hot poultices I was directed to use. I was taken sick and couldn't go to the barn for a day or two. It took two men to put on a poultice that I put on so easily and it was almost impossible for them to force her to swallow her medicine. Her mistress had her love and confidence and surely it was well worth winning.

She was always willing, always faithful, and dependable in every way and in every emergency. For twenty years she took me safely on every trip, and when she passed away I justly felt that I had lost a friend and companion that could never be replaced. I went to her with my girlhood troubles and in later years, when sorrows came into my life I sobbed out many a heart-ache with my head against her shoulder. She well knew tears from laughter. I had only to put my arm across my face and pretend to cry to cause her to stop eating and put her nose against my arm and try to push it away, all the while whinnying in a very low, coaxing manner.



"PUSS AND THE BABY"

her impatience to get out, she would put her teeth against the door and push, thus assisting me greatly. From my talking to her, she soon learned what the words meant, when I would say, "Puss, come, open the door!" and would leave her oats and cross the stall to push it open.

Well, the boy went up to the door and pushed aside the button and said, "Come, Puss, and open the door!" This she did so promptly that it knocked him down, and he arose, convinced without further arguments of the truth of my assertion.

I always kept loaf sugar in a bag in the carriage, and if left alone on the barn floor, Puss never missed an opportunity to search the carriage for the sugar, and many times, securing the bag, would dump out the sugar and would be enjoying a feast when I returned. She watched the boy one morning, as he groomed her, keep going to a pocket in his coat and taking out candy and eating it, never offering her any. When his back was turned, a little later, she went to the coat, got the bag in her teeth, and shaking out the contents, treated herself. In the picture she is seen sucking on some lumps of sugar which were given her. She always made the sugar last a long time.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

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Interest, sundries, etc., \$472.01. Total, \$7561.91. The American Humane Education Society, \$750.

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All others, \$10.28. Total, \$176.93.

Sales of publications, ambulance, etc., \$438.47.

### RECEIPTS BY THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR FEBRUARY, 1917

A co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, \$26.19; W. Branch M. S. P. C. A., \$10.63; J. M. F., \$10; K. Wis., \$9; Mrs. W. G., \$8.50; Mrs. D. E. McG., \$7.65; a Rhode Island friend, \$7.22; Miss M. H. D., \$5; T. C., \$4.75; Mrs. M. L. S., \$4.10; M. W., \$4; J. H. K., \$3; C. J. B., \$2.80; L. S., \$2.50; L. C. S., \$2.50; Dr. M. D., \$2.35; W. H., \$2.25; R. G., \$2; M. B., \$2; Mrs. E. M. T., \$2; M. A. H., \$1.90; Mrs. E. F. A., \$1.80; L. F., \$1.75; C. M. E. P., \$1.50; M. N., \$1.50; A. C. H., \$1.50; A. Y. M., \$1.50; J. W. N., \$1.40; Mrs. J. W. McL., \$1.40; N. B. N. H., \$1.39; C. W., \$1.36; D. K., \$1.35; G. M. S., \$1.26; Mrs. H. C. S., \$1.25; Mrs. I. M. B., \$1.25; Mrs. J. S., \$1.25; B. L. H., \$1.11; R. J. A., \$1; Mrs. E. F. F., \$1; B. E. P., \$1; A. E. W., \$1; W. E., \$1; Mrs. L. McB., \$1; E. T., \$1; Mrs. F. M. T., \$1; Dr. B. H. C., \$1; W. D. G., \$1. Petty sales, \$30.83. Interest, \$21.67.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

### BIRD OF SWEETEST SONG

IT is said the larks of Scotland are the sweetest singing birds of earth. No piece of mechanism that man has ever made has the soft, sweet, glorious music in it that the lark's throat has. When the farmers of Scotland walk out early in the morning they flush the larks from the grass, and as they rise they sing, and as they sing they circle and higher and higher they go, circling as they sing, until at last the notes of their voices die out in the sweetest strains that earth ever listened to.

### RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. FOR FEBRUARY, 1917

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